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# ***Readings Booklet***

***January 1993***



# ***English 30***

***Part B: Reading***

***Grade 12 Diploma Examination***

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**January 1993**  
**English 30 Part B: Reading**  
**Readings Booklet**  
**Grade 12 Diploma Examination**

*Description*

**Part B: Reading** contributes 50% of the total English 30 Diploma Examination mark.

There are eight reading selections in the Readings Booklet and 70 questions in the Questions Booklet.

Total time allotted: 2 hours

*Instructions*

- Be sure that you have an English 30 Readings Booklet **and** an English 30 Questions Booklet.
- You may **not** use a dictionary, thesaurus, or other reference materials.



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I. Questions 1 to 7 in your Questions Booklet are based on this essay.

SAVE THE SEALS . . . AND THE REST OF US

It was lying on the radiator cover in the kitchen in a pile of school papers, under math and ancient civilizations and spelling tests.

The tattered pages belonged to the weekly newsletter that goes out to school children, a publication so cautious that it could barely take a stand in favor of the 5 Ten Commandments.<sup>1</sup> So, too, these words made a bland milkshake of the men running for the presidency.

Still, as I looked at each candidate's picture and brief profile, I saw the words penciled in by children along the margins: "good," "bad," "good," "bad."

Good or bad? How did they know? What were they judging, these young 10 readers of the Casper Milquetoast<sup>2</sup> press? It turned out that the children who marked the paper were two-issue voters. They scanned and underlined the profiles to see how the candidates stood on these matters: (1) the environment and (2) peace.

I smiled to myself. Children! Save the seals, stop the wars. Kids and their ideals. Cute. Naive. Simplistic.

15 Standing there, I was, of course, an adult—sophisticated, tough-minded, realistic . . . and patronizing.

But as I finished cleaning out the papers, I realized that fundamentally they were right. In the deepest sense, there are only these two interwoven issues: peace and the environment. Save the seals and the rest of us. That's the ball game.

20 Again they made me think. In one way or another we purposely make children the repositories of our ideals. We allow them to hold up the standards we let slip. We encourage them to believe in possibilities the way they believe in Santa Claus.

Kids. They save Pennies to Fight Pollution, take Walkathons Against War, bake Bread for Brotherhood, are told to be charitable and generous and trusting.

25 And then to grow out of it, as if caring were a pair of jeans.

We raise our children with ethical time bombs, built-in disillusionment alarms. We allow them their ideals until they are fourteen, or eighteen, or twenty-two. But if they don't let go, we worry about whether they will be able to function in the real world. Whether they are hard headed, practical enough.

30 It is all quite mad. We regard toughness as adult. We regard cynicism as grown-up.

Adults *know* that clean air is all very nice, but it must be balanced against jobs.

Adults *know* that helping others is neat, but it may take away their motivation.

Adults *know* that peace is swell, but you may need annihilation to save your

35 national security. Adults *know* that war is to be feared, but so is the fear of war.

Adults devour this "realistic" junk food, forgetting that ideals may be far more practical.

In our mid-life world, the environment is soft and business is hard-nosed. Peace is flowers, and war is the crushing artillery. The he-man, in all his redundancy, is

*Continued*

<sup>1</sup>the Ten Commandments—rules of moral conduct listed in the Bible

<sup>2</sup>Casper Milquetoast—a reference to the comic strip character by American cartoonist T.H. Webster. Casper is timid, shrinking, and non-committal.



40 our role model of mid-life.

In one way or another, most of our leaders had their left-handedness beaten out of them; most of our powerful whipped themselves into adulthood.

Somewhere we learn that only by conquering our childhood instincts will we be admitted into the realm of adulthood, taken seriously. Those who refuse are  
45 forever regarded as childlike, Peter Pans . . . soft.

In our most common parenting scenario, we instill ideals into our children, resent it when they challenge us for not living up to them, and then feel reassured when they give ideals up, like sleds or cartoons.

I suppose we make kids the repository of our highest ideals because children  
50 are powerless. In that way we can have ideals and ignore them at the same time. We can assuage our conscience and maintain our status quo.

We keep placing our hopes in the next generation, always the next generation. I look at the papers in front of me and smile. Peace and the environment. They call this kid stuff.

*Ellen Goodman*  
Contemporary American journalist



**II. Questions 8 to 16 in your Questions Booklet are based on this excerpt from the play *Ivanov*.**

**from IVANOV**

**CHARACTERS:**

PAUL LEBEDEV — chairman of the rural district council

SASHA — 20-year-old daughter of Lebedev

NIKOLAI IVANOV — fiancé of Sasha

*The setting is the central Russian countryside.*

*One of the drawing-rooms at LEBEDEV'S house. His daughter SASHA is to be married today. LEBEDEV has just told SASHA that he does not approve of this marriage.*

**SASHA:** Papa, I've been feeling myself that something's wrong. Not quite as it should be, not, not as it should be. If you only knew how oppressed I feel! Unbearably! I feel embarrassed and afraid to confess it. Dear Papa, do say something to cheer me up . . . tell me what to do!

5 **LEBEDEV:** What's that? What are you saying?

**SASHA:** I'm more afraid than I've ever been! (*Looks around.*) I feel as though I don't understand him and never shall understand him. During the whole time I've been engaged to him, he's never once smiled, never once looked me straight in the eyes. All the time complaining, repenting about something,  
10 hinting at some guilt or other, trembling. I'm tired of it. There are even moments when it seems to me that I . . . that I don't love him as much as I should. And when he comes to see us, or talks to me, I begin to feel bored. What does it all mean, Papa dear? I'm afraid!

**LEBEDEV:** My darling, my only child, listen to your old father! Give him up!

15 **SASHA** (*Alarmed*): Don't, don't!

**LEBEDEV:** I mean it, Shoorochka! There'll be a row, all the neighbours will wag their tongues like a lot of church-bells, but it's surely better to live through a row than to ruin your whole life.

**SASHA:** Don't say that, don't, Papa! I don't want to listen. One must just  
20 struggle against all these gloomy thoughts. He's a good, unhappy, misunderstood man; I will love him, learn to understand him, put him on his feet again. I'll fulfil my task. That's settled!

**LEBEDEV:** That's not fulfilling a task, that's just madness!

**SASHA:** That's enough. I've confessed something to you which I didn't even  
25 want to confess to myself. Don't tell anybody. Let's forget it.

**LEBEDEV:** I don't understand anything. Either I've got dull with old age, or you've all got too clever, but I'll eat my hat before I understand anything about it. (*IVANOV comes in, wearing a tail-coat and gloves.*)

**LEBEDEV:** What is it?

30 **SASHA:** What are you here for?

*Continued*

IVANOV: Forgive me . . . please allow me to have a word with Sasha alone.

LEBEDEV: It's not right to come to see your bride just before the wedding! You ought to be going to the church!

IVANOV: Paul, please.

35 (LEBEDEV *shrugs his shoulders, then he goes out.*)

SASHA (*Sternly*): What do you want?

IVANOV: I'm boiling over with anger, but I'll speak coolly. Listen. Just now, as I was dressing for the wedding, I glanced at myself in the mirror, and I saw . . . grey hair on my temples. Shoora, let us drop it! We must stop this senseless  
40 comedy while it's still not too late. You're young and pure, you have your life before you, while I . . .

SASHA: All this isn't new, I've heard it a thousand times, and I'm tired of it! Go to the church, and don't keep people waiting!

IVANOV: I'll go home in a minute, and then you tell your people that there won't  
45 be a wedding. Explain to them somehow. It's time we came to our senses. I've acted Hamlet and you've acted a high-minded young woman—but we can't go on like that.

SASHA (*Flushing*): What are you talking like this for! I'm not listening.

IVANOV: But I'm speaking, and I'll go on speaking.

50 SASHA: What have you come for? Your whining's becoming a sheer mockery.

IVANOV: No, I'm not whining any more. A mockery! Yes, I'm mocking you! And if I could mock myself a thousand times more bitterly and make the whole world jeer at me, I'd do that, too! I caught sight of myself in the mirror—and it was like a shell exploding inside my conscience. I laughed at myself and I nearly  
55 went out of my mind with shame. (*Laughs.*) Melancholy! Noble anguish! Inexplicable grief! Only one thing's lacking—I ought to write poetry. Whining and playing the poor Lazarus<sup>1</sup> and making everyone miserable with your anguish—no, no, no! To realize that your life's energy has gone for ever, that you've got rusty and outlived your time, that you've given way to cowardice and got stuck up to your neck in a disgusting bog of melancholy—and all that when  
60 you can see the sun shining and even the ants dragging their burdens manfully and feeling pleased with themselves—no, no, no! To have some people take you for a charlatan and others feel sorry for you and stretch out a helping hand to you, and others—this is worst of all—others listen to your sighs with awe and look at  
65 you as though you were a second Mahomed<sup>2</sup> about to reveal a new religion at any moment. No, thank goodness, I still have some pride and conscience left! As I was coming here, I laughed at myself, and it seemed that the birds were laughing at me, and the trees, too.

SASHA: Oh, Nikolai, if you knew how tired you make me! You've worn my  
70 spirit down! You're a kind, intelligent man—ask yourself: is it fair to set me these problems? Every day there is some problem, each one harder than the last. I wanted active love, but this is martyred love!

*Continued*

<sup>1</sup>Lazarus—a character in a biblical story. Lazarus was a diseased beggar who was laid at the gate of a rich man and was neither taken in nor cared for.

<sup>2</sup>Mahomed—Arabian prophet; founder of the Moslem religion



**IVANOV:** When you're my wife the problems will be more complicated still, so you'd better give me up now! I wish you'd understand: you're not moved by love, but just the stubbornness of your own honesty. You set yourself a goal—to resurrect the man in me, to save me at whatever cost—and the idea of doing a great deed gratified you. Now you're ready to withdraw, but there's a false emotion preventing you. I wish you'd understand.

**SASHA:** What a queer, crazy logic! How can I give you up? How? You haven't got a mother, or a sister, or a friend. You're ruined, your estate's been pilfered away, everyone slanders you.

**IVANOV:** I was a fool to come here. I should have done what I wanted to.  
(*Enter LEBEDEV.*)

**SASHA** (*Runs towards her father*): Papa, for goodness sake help me; he's come bursting in here like a lunatic, and he's tormenting the life out of me! He says I must give him up because he doesn't want to ruin me. Tell him I don't want his magnanimity! I know what I'm doing.

**LEBEDEV:** I don't understand anything about it. What magnanimity?

**IVANOV:** There'll be no wedding.

**SASHA:** There will be a wedding! Papa, tell him that there will be a wedding!

**LEBEDEV:** Wait, wait! Why don't you want the wedding to take place?

**IVANOV:** I've explained to her why, but she doesn't want to understand.

**LEBEDEV:** No, not to her, explain it to me, and explain it so that I can understand it. Oh, Nikolai Aleksyeevich, may God be your judge! You've brought so much fog into our lives that I feel as if I were living in a chamber of horrors. I look on and I don't understand anything. It's simply dreadful. Well, what do you expect me to do, what do you want an old man to do about it? Shall I challenge you to a duel, or what?

**IVANOV:** There's no need for any duel. All that's needed is for you to have a head on your shoulders and to understand plain language.

**SASHA** (*Paces the stage in agitation*): This is dreadful, dreadful! He's just like a child!

**LEBEDEV:** There's nothing for it but just shrug your shoulders, that's all. Listen to me, Nikolai! You think you're acting intelligently, subtly, according to all the rules of psychology—but I think this is all a scandal and disaster. Now hear an old man out for the last time. This is all I want to tell you: just calm your mind down! Look at things simply, as everybody else does!

*Anton Chekhov*

Russian writer of drama and short stories  
(1860–1904)

Translated from the Russian by Elisaveta Fen

III. Questions 17 to 24 in your Questions Booklet are based on this poem.

AN ARUNDEL<sup>1</sup> TOMB

Side by side, their faces blurred,  
The earl and countess lie in stone,  
Their proper habits vaguely shown  
As jointed armour, stiffened pleat,  
5 And that faint hint of the absurd—  
The little dogs under their feet.

Such plainness of the pre-baroque<sup>2</sup>  
Hardly involves the eye, until  
It meets his left-hand gauntlet,<sup>3</sup> still  
10 Clasped empty in the other; and  
One sees, with a sharp tender shock,  
His hand withdrawn, holding her hand.

They would not think to lie so long.  
Such faithfulness in effigy<sup>4</sup>  
15 Was just a detail friends would see:  
A sculptor's sweet commissioned grace  
Thrown off in helping to prolong  
The Latin names around the base.

They would not guess how early in  
20 Their supine<sup>5</sup> stationary voyage  
The air would change to soundless damage,  
Turn the old tenantry away;  
How soon succeeding eyes begin  
To look, not read. Rigidly they

Persisted, linked through lengths and breadths  
25 Of time. Snow fell, undated. Light  
Each summer thronged the glass. A bright  
Litter of birdcalls strewed the same  
Bone-riddled ground. And up the paths  
30 The endless altered people came,

*Continued*

<sup>1</sup>Arundel—an historic town in East Sussex, England, famous for its castle

<sup>2</sup>baroque—the baroque period (AD 1550–1750) of art and architecture featured much ornamentation and curved rather than straight lines

<sup>3</sup>gauntlet—glove

<sup>4</sup>effigy—used here to mean a figure in sculpture

<sup>5</sup>supine—lying on the back, face upwards



Washing at their identity.  
Now, helpless in the hollow of  
An unarmorial age, a trough  
Of smoke in slow suspended skeins<sup>6</sup>  
35 Above their scrap of history,  
Only an attitude remains:

Time has transfigured them into  
Untruth. The stone fidelity  
They hardly meant has come to be  
40 Their final blazon,<sup>7</sup> and to prove  
Our almost-instinct almost true:  
What will survive of us is love.

*Philip Larkin*  
British poet and novelist  
(1922–1985)

<sup>6</sup>skeins—coils

<sup>7</sup>blazon—emblem, distinction, proclamation

IV. Questions 25 to 34 in your Questions Booklet are based on this excerpt from the short story "Moleman."

from MOLEMAN

Standing in the meadow, he strokes the smooth pelts of the moles he has caught; their limp bodies are small and vulnerable in his large bony hands.

He loves moles, always has; and he kills moles, always had. He examines the largest and shiniest pelt. "You're a fine one," he smiles, fingering the short, satinlike fur. "A few more of your size and she'll have her coat."

For three seasons he has saved the best pelts for the coat he is piecing together for Anneke. When finished, he will wrap it in newspaper, tie a string around it and take the parcel along as he boards the bus to Oakville, Ontario. He will walk the quiet lanes down to the lake, to the two-storey house where he left her, forty-two years ago. He will ring the doorbell, and stand on the doorstep, waiting for her to open the door. He will hand her the parcel, without a word, take a good look at her, turn around and leave.

Anneke had never accepted mole trapping as a way to make a living for a man. Back home, in the clouded North Sea country, he used to take his sack and bicycle every morning, and leave before dawn for the freedom of the Frisian pasture lands, windblown, seemingly unsheltered by the dikes. But Anneke had insisted: "Let's go some place where a man can earn a living without having to skin moles." She never would understand he was a mole trapper by choice.

After they married, they left the Netherlands and sailed for Canada. He tried farmwork and odd jobs in Ontario like thousands of other newcomers. But he never brought home enough money to provide them with that little surplus needed to build a future; later, his efforts turned out to have been wasted when Anneke, running out of patience, left him for a truck-driver. A man with a steady job, to her, represented security, and security she needed to start the family she wanted so badly.

"Might as well go trapping again," he had thought. But moleskin was not in demand in this country with its many valuable furbearing animals; so he went to the North country to make a living, trapping beaver and muskrat.

In those days, while still young, he thought he could make himself at home anywhere.

Hardly ever did he think of Anneke; he didn't think much of anything, other than matters of daily living. Over the years the animals he pursued gradually declined: beavers were becoming rare, and muskrats were less profitable. After thirty-eight years of trapping at the lake, it dawned on him that the world was changing. His annual harvest had dwindled to a mere trickle of pelts, while fur prices went through the floor. But money did not worry him; he had learned to live off the land, and his annual purchases of staples had come down to the bare minimum of grain, salt, sugar, canned cooking oil, some odds and ends of hardware and occasionally some sewing thread. He had no debts, and no obligations to anyone.

Yet there was something on his mind.

As he sat in his cabin during the long winter nights, repairing clothes, snowshoes, traps, fishing and boating gear, old memories began to stir: faded pictures, stored in dormant corners of his mind, resumed colour, became vivid views of windblown

*Continued*



45 shores and the low silt land of his youth; sometimes he thought he could smell the salty wind, hear the mooing of cattle, melancholy in the evening, and see the distant shapes of sheep grazing on the dikes. Suddenly he felt restless in this landlocked country, surrounded and threatened by black armies of spindly spruce. He felt a sudden, urgent need to see distant, clean horizons, without trees.

50 One balmy spring morning he loaded the patched up canoe; he took the slim pile of pelts he had collected, a bundle of clothes, and a string of tiny moletraps, carefully preserved in oilcloth.

As he pushed clear of the pebbled beach, he left the cabin, and the stacks of beaver traps and other gear, to whom it would concern.

55 In the town of Mattawa he traded his pelts, receiving barely enough money to pay for his train ticket to Moncton, New Brunswick, near the Atlantic coast. Arriving on a drizzly morning he took the bus down the Petitcodiac River, and out to the bay, where the bus left him.

Breathing deeply, he stood on a coastal outcrop, windblown like the North Sea dikes and sand dunes of his youth.

60 A following bus took him down the coast; he scanned the countryside through the rain-splashed windows, looking for a place to stay. Near the marshes of New Horton he spotted an abandoned farmhouse and asked the driver to stop. He took his traps and the sack with his clothes, and walked down to the house which had been boarded up at one time; now the plywood had come down and the glassless windows  
65 were waiting for the winter storms, without defence.

He moved in and fixed up the kitchen and part of the roof.

The locals watched him a while, then decided he was a harmless eccentric and left him alone. The children followed him around, initially, as he went about the fields with his sack and shovel; but the silent stare from the pale blue eyes in his unsmiling  
70 face discouraged, even scared them.

His trapping grounds were up on the hill, coarse pasture land riddled with mole runs; on certain days, when the fog came in from the marshes, he could smell the sea.

He bought a used bicycle, and biked up the hill, twice a day, to check on the traps. On Sundays he stayed home, or journeyed into the coastal swamps, to watch  
75 the birds breeding in spring, flocking in the fall; he remembered seeing such birds in the polders back home.

Moleskin didn't sell in the village, he soon found out, and he ended up turning the tiny pelts into floor mats and blankets for his own use. One day he managed to fashion a sleeveless vest together, and he decided to make another and try to sell that;  
80 he didn't like to play the vendor part, but he needed the cash, and soon he found himself making vests and later jackets, on order. With each piece of clothing he made, he learned a little about tailoring, and slowly the project which now so absorbed him took shape in his mind.

One day he decided he had made his last jacket and was now ready to create a  
85 masterpiece; he would make a fur coat, a long, glorious coat of silken moleskin, that was to be his gift to Anneke.

Several years went by. Only the best and largest moleskins found their way into Anneke's coat. The surplus skins went into floor mats and blankets, which made the kitchen warm and comfortable, even in winter.

90 He likes to have the same daily routine, except on Sundays. Each morning he goes to collect the catch of last night. Moles take little time to sleep; restlessly

*Continued*

tunnelling through the dirt, munching insects, grubs and worms as they go, a mole seems ready to push its head into a trap any time, day or night. Gently he takes them out, brushes off the dust to reveal the shine of the velvety coats, then packs them  
95 carefully into the burlap sack; five of them this morning. Down at the road, he pauses, and looks up at the molefields. The morning haze is lifting and he remembers the hundreds of miniature hills, some freshly thrown up and still steaming, casting their shadows on the grass, early in the morning in the molefields back home; over here, moles are different, and not given to the construction of  
100 mounds. The fields lie seemingly untouched, hiding the secret massacres which take place below the surface; these are strange moles at any rate, only faintly resembling those he knew back home.

He wishes Anneke could have seen the molefields this morning, glowing in the hazy light; she never understood about moles and mole trapping, but the coat is  
105 destined to change that. Surely a creation that beautiful will cause her to change her mind, to regard mole trapping as a worthwhile occupation at last!

How good it is to be back at it; and how good it is to be back near the sea. It has been four years since the bus dropped him off, one drizzly afternoon. Every day of those years, shaped by the wind, the clouds, the birds, and the rippling grass of the  
110 molefields, he has lived to remember, while thirty-eight years in the wooded boglands of northern Ontario merged to a quickly passing dream. Sometimes he wonders what kept him so long.

Nearly three hundred moles lost their lives, and their skins, to Anneke's coat. Now, after he puts in the last stitch, he pegs it to the wall and admires its dark lustre.  
115 From the kitchen drawer he retrieves a postcard and stamp, bought in the village last spring; returning to the table, he sharpens a pencil with his pocket knife and sits down to write.

"Lieve<sup>1</sup> Anneke, I hope you and your family are in good health. Is your husband still in trucking? I have something for you; I would like to hand it over  
120 myself. In two weeks from now, if that's OK with you?"

He doesn't bother to sign, trusting that his handwriting and the use of their native language will be sufficient identification.

The next morning he waits at the road for the mailman, who comes down the hill in his van, and stops abruptly, in a cloud of dust—no mailman has had any business  
125 at this point of the road for decades.

After handing over his letter to Anneke, the moleman walks home and sits down in the kitchen. Nothing left to do, except wait.

He studies the floor, the walls and the bed, the moleskin floor mats, wall hangings and blankets. They will last for the rest of his life; he cannot justify killing more  
130 moles, now that the coat is finished, and he decides to stay home the following days, cleaning traps and putting them away—the cats will have to live on milk from now on, or catch their own meat. He busies himself around the house and cannot relax, waiting for word from Anneke.

On the sixth day he is out in the rain, feeding the cats, when the van turns into the muddy driveway and comes up to the door. Ignoring the rusty box by the roadside,  
135 the mailman has decided to have a better look at the old man and his quarters.

"Return mail," he says cheerfully, as he gets out, waving an envelope. "Nice day eh?"

*Continued*

<sup>1</sup>Lieve—Dear



The moleman takes the envelope without a word and is walking toward the  
140 toolshed. The mailman shrugs, returns to the van and drives off. "Old Sourpuss."

The moleman stares at the envelope, pure white when he last saw it, now dog-eared and soiled, criss-crossed by inkstamps. 'Undeliverable' it reads, in big black lettering, and in handwriting: 'Moved, address unknown.'

In the afternoon, the moleman pushes uphill with his bike and trailer. At the  
145 bottom of the field he begins raking up loose soil from the mole runs, loading it onto the trailer. He eases the heavy load down the road and into the yard, dumping the dirt between the house and the toolshed. Pulling out thistles and crabgrass, he digs a shallow trench in the soil. In it he arranges the soft, luxurious coat in gentle folds, fitting it into the hollow with great care, returning the skins to the soil and covering  
150 them with the dirt they came from.

He heaps the soil up to a pile, a conical mound, in old world mole fashion, then steps back to judge the result. A truly monumental mole mound, surely the only one of its kind on this side of the Atlantic Ocean.

*Afiena Kamminga*  
Contemporary Canadian writer, born in Holland

V. Questions 35 to 41 in your Questions Booklet are based on this poem.

THE FURNITURE

To things we are ghosts, soft shapes  
in their blindness that push and pull,  
a warm touch tugging on a stuck drawer,  
a face glancing by in a mirror  
5 like a pebble skipped across a passive pond.

They hear rumors of us, things, in their own rumble,  
and notice they are not where they were in the last century,  
and feel, perhaps, themselves lifted by tides  
of desire, of coveting; a certain moisture  
10 mildews their surfaces, and they guess that we have passed.

They decay, of course, but so slowly; a vase  
or mug survives a thousand uses. Our successive  
ownerships slip from them, our fury  
flickers at their reverie's dimmest edge.  
15 Their numb solidity sleeps through our screams.

Daguerreotypes<sup>1</sup> Victorian travellers  
produced of tombs and temples still intact  
contain, sometimes, a camel driver, or beggar: a brown  
man in a galabia<sup>2</sup> who moved his head, his life  
20 a blur, a dark smear on the unchanging stone.

*John Updike*  
Contemporary American poet and novelist

<sup>1</sup>Daguerreotypes—photographs produced in the mid-Victorian period using a silver plate and the action of iodine

<sup>2</sup>galabia—hooded robe



VI. Questions 42 to 51 in your Questions Booklet are based on this excerpt from the play *The Winter's Tale*.

from THE WINTER'S TALE, Act III, scene ii

**CHARACTERS:**

LEONTES—King of Sicilia

HERMIONE—Queen of Sicilia and Leontes' wife

POLIXENES—King of Bohemia and a childhood friend of Leontes

CAMILLO—Sicilian lord and close advisor to Leontes

CLEOMENES } messengers to King Leontes

DION }

PAULINA—chief attendant to Queen Hermione

Attendant LORDS and OFFICERS

POLIXENES *had recently been a guest of LEONTES and HERMIONE. In a fit of jealous rage, LEONTES imprisoned HERMIONE on grounds of adultery with POLIXENES and of conspiracy with CAMILLO. CAMILLO, horrified by LEONTES' order to poison POLIXENES, helped POLIXENES flee to Sicilia. LEONTES forbade HERMIONE to see their young son, and the baby she gave birth to in prison was taken far away. LEONTES has sent messengers to the oracle at the Temple of Apollo at Delphi to learn the truth of HERMIONE'S guilt and is awaiting their return. He has ordered HERMIONE before him, and she responds to his charges . . .*

**HERMIONE:** Since what I am to say must be but that

Which contradicts my accusation, and

The testimony on my part no other

But what comes from myself, it shall scarce boot<sup>1</sup> me

5 To say "Not guilty." Mine integrity

Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,

Be so receiv'd. But thus:—If powers divine

Behold our human actions, as they do,

I doubt not then but innocence shall make

10 False accusation blush, and tyranny

Tremble at patience. You, my lord, best know,

[Who] least will seem to do so, my past life

Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,

As I am now unhappy; which is more

15 Than history can pattern, though devis'd

And play'd to take spectators. For behold me,

A fellow of the royal bed, which owe

A moiety<sup>2</sup> of the throne, a great king's daughter,

*Continued*

<sup>1</sup>boot—aid, help, advantage

<sup>2</sup>moiety—half

20 The mother to a hopeful prince, here standing  
 To prate and talk for life and honour 'fore  
 Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it  
 As I weigh grief, which I would spare; for honour,  
 'Tis a derivative from me to mine,  
 And only that I stand for. I appeal  
 25 To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes  
 Came to your court, how I was in your grace,  
 How merited to be so; since he came,  
 With what encounter so uncurrent I  
 Have strain'd t'appear thus; if one jot beyond  
 30 The bound of honour, or in act or will  
 That way inclining, hard'ned be the hearts  
 Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin  
 Cry fie upon my grave!

**LEONTES:** I ne'er heard yet  
 35 That any of these bolder vices wanted  
 Less impudence to gainsay<sup>3</sup> what they did  
 Than to perform it first.

**HERMIONE:** That's true enough;  
 Though 'tis a saying, sir, not due to me.

40 **LEONTES:** You will not own it.

**HERMIONE:** More than mistress of  
 Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not  
 At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,  
 With whom I am accus'd, I do confess  
 45 I lov'd him as in honour he requir'd,  
 With such a kind of love as might become  
 A lady like me, with a love even such,  
 So and no other, as yourself commanded;  
 Which not t'have done I think had been in me  
 50 Both disobedience and ingratitude  
 To you and toward your friend, whose love had spoke,  
 Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely  
 That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy,  
 I know not how it tastes, though it be dish'd  
 55 For me to try how. All I know of it  
 Is that Camillo was an honest man;  
 And why he left your court, the gods themselves,  
 Wotting<sup>4</sup> no more than I, are ignorant.

**LEONTES:** You knew of his departure, as you know  
 60 What you have underta'en to do in's absence.

**HERMIONE:** Sir,  
 You speak a language that I understand not.  
 My life stands in the level of your dreams,

*Continued*

<sup>3</sup>gainsay—deny, dispute, speak against

<sup>4</sup>Wotting—knowing



Which I'll lay down.

65 **LEONTES:** Your actions are my dreams;  
You had a bastard by Polixenes,  
And I but dream'd it. As you were past all shame,—  
Those of your fact are so,—so past all truth,  
Which to deny concerns more than avails; for as  
70 Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,  
No father owning it,—which is, indeed,  
More criminal in thee than it,—so thou  
Shalt feel our justice, in whose easiest passage  
Look for no less than death.

75 **HERMIONE:** Sir, spare your threats.  
The bug which you would fright me with I seek;  
To me can life be no commodity.  
The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,  
I do give lost; for I do feel it gone,  
80 But know not how it went. My second joy  
And first-fruits of my body, from his presence  
I am barr'd, like one infectious. My third comfort,  
Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast,  
The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,  
85 Hal'd out to murder; myself on every post  
Proclaim'd a strumpet; with immodest hatred  
The child-bed privilege<sup>5</sup> deni'd, which longs  
To women of all fashion; lastly, hurried  
Here to this place, i' th' open air, before  
90 I have got strength of limit. Now, my liege,  
Tell me what blessings I have here alive,  
That I should fear to die? Therefore proceed.  
But yet hear this: mistake me not; no life,  
I prize it not a straw; but for mine honour,  
95 Which I would free,—if I shall be condemn'd  
Upon surmises, all proofs sleeping else  
But what your jealousies awake, I tell you  
'Tis rigour and not law. Your honours all,  
I do refer me to the oracle:  
100 Apollo be my judge!

**FIRST LORD:** This your request  
Is altogether just; therefore bring forth,  
And in Apollo's name, his oracle.

(Enter OFFICERS, with CLEOMENES and DION.)

*Continued*

<sup>5</sup>child-bed privilege—Hermione was denied attendants at the birth of her infant in prison

105 **OFFICER:** You here shall swear upon this sword of justice,  
 That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have  
 Been both at Delphos, and from thence have brought  
 This seal'd up oracle, by the hand deliver'd  
 Of great Apollo's priest, and that since then  
 110 You have not dar'd to break the holy seal  
 Nor read the secrets in't.  
**CLEOMENES** and **DION:** All this we swear.  
**LEONTES:** Break up the seals and read.  
**OFFICER** (*Reads*): "Hermione is chaste; Polixenes blameless; Camillo a true  
 115 subject; Leontes a jealous tyrant; his innocent babe truly begotten; and the King  
 shall live without an heir, if that which is lost be not found."  
**LORDS:** Now blessed be the great Apollo!  
**HERMIONE:** Praised!  
**LEONTES:** Hast thou read truth?  
 120 **OFFICER:** Ay, my lord; even so  
 As it is here set down.  
**LEONTES:** There is no truth at all i' th' oracle.  
 The sessions shall proceed; this is mere falsehood.

(*Enter a SERVANT.*)

125 **SERVANT:** My lord the King, the King!  
**LEONTES:** What is the business?  
**SERVANT:** O sir, I shall be hated to report it!  
 The Prince your son, with mere conceit<sup>6</sup> and fear  
 Of the Queen's speed,<sup>7</sup> is gone.  
 130 **LEONTES:** How! gone?  
**SERVANT:** Is dead.  
**LEONTES:** Apollo's angry; and the heavens themselves  
 Do strike at my injustice. (*HERMIONE swoons.*)  
 How now there!  
 135 **PAULINA:** This news is mortal to the Queen. Look down  
 And see what Death is doing.  
**LEONTES:** Take her hence;  
 Her heart is but o'ercharg'd; she will recover.  
 I have too much believ'd mine own suspicion.  
 140 Beseech you, tenderly apply to her  
 Some remedies for life.  
 (*Exeunt PAULINA and LADIES, with HERMIONE.*)

*William Shakespeare*

<sup>6</sup>conceit—apprehensive imaginings

<sup>7</sup>speed—well being, fate



VII. Questions 52 to 61 in your Questions Booklet are based on this short story.

THE CENSORS

Poor Juan! One day they caught him with his guard down before he could even realize that what he had taken as a stroke of luck was really one of fate's dirty tricks. These things happen the minute you're careless and you let down your guard, as one often does. Juancito<sup>1</sup> let happiness—a feeling you can't trust—get the better of him when he received from a confidential source Mariana's new address in Paris and he knew that she hadn't forgotten him. Without thinking twice, he sat down at his table and wrote her a letter. *The letter that keeps his mind off his job during the day and won't let him sleep at night (what had he scrawled, what had he put on that sheet of paper he sent to Mariana?)*.

- 10 Juan knows there won't be a problem with the letter's contents, that it's irreproachable, harmless. But what about the rest? He knows that they examine, sniff, feel, and read between the lines of each and every letter, and check its tiniest comma and most accidental stain. He knows that all letters pass from hand to hand and go through all sorts of tests in the huge censorship offices and that, in the end, 15 very few continue on their way. Usually it takes months, even years, if there aren't any snags; all this time the freedom, maybe even the life, of both sender and receiver is in jeopardy. And that's why Juan's so down in the dumps: thinking that something might happen to Mariana because of his letters. Of all people, Mariana, who must finally feel safe there where she always dreamed she'd live. But he 20 knows that the *Censor's Secret Command* operates all over the world and cashes in on the discount in air rates; there's nothing to stop them from going as far as that hidden Paris neighborhood, kidnapping Mariana, and returning to their cozy homes, certain of having fulfilled their noble mission.

- Well, you've got to beat them to the punch, do what everyone tries to do: 25 sabotage the machinery, throw sand in its gears, get to the bottom of the problem so as to stop it.

- This was Juan's sound plan when he, like many others, applied for a censor's job—not because he had a calling or needed a job: no, he applied simply to intercept his own letter, a consoling but unoriginal idea. He was hired immediately, 30 for each day more and more censors are needed and no one would bother to check on his references.

- Ultior motives couldn't be overlooked by the *Censorship Division*, but they needn't be too strict with those who applied. They knew how hard it would be for those poor guys to find the letter they wanted and even if they did, what's a letter or 35 two when the new censor would snap up so many others? That's how Juan managed to join the *Post Office's Censorship Division*, with a certain goal in mind.

The building had a festive air on the outside which contrasted with its inner staidness. Little by little, Juan was absorbed by his job and he felt at peace since he

*Continued*

<sup>1</sup>Juancito—diminutive form of Juan

was doing everything he could to get his letter for Mariana. He didn't even worry  
40 when, in his first month, he was sent to *Section K* where envelopes are very  
carefully screened for explosives.

It's true that on the third day, a fellow worker had his right hand blown off by a  
letter, but the division chief claimed it was sheer negligence on the victim's part.  
Juan and the other employees were allowed to go back to their work, albeit feeling  
45 less secure. After work, one of them tried to organize a strike to demand higher  
wages for unhealthy work, but Juan didn't join in; after thinking it over, he reported  
him to his superiors and thus got promoted.

You don't form a habit by doing something once, he told himself as he left his  
boss's office. And when he was transferred to *Section J*, where letters are carefully  
50 checked for poison dust, he felt he had climbed a rung in the ladder.

By working hard, he quickly reached *Section E* where the work was more  
interesting, for he could now read and analyze the letters' contents. Here he could  
even hope to get hold of his letter which, judging by the time that had elapsed, had  
gone through the other sections and was probably floating around in this one.

55 Soon his work became so absorbing that his noble mission blurred in his mind.  
Day after day he crossed out whole paragraphs in red ink, pitilessly chucking many  
letters into the censored basket. These were horrible days when he was shocked by  
the subtle and conniving ways employed by people to pass on subversive messages;  
his instincts were so sharp that he found behind a simple "the weather's unsettled"  
60 or "prices continue to soar" the wavering hand of someone secretly scheming to  
overthrow the Government.

His zeal brought him swift promotion. We don't know if this made him happy.  
Very few letters reached him in *Section B*—only a handful passed the other  
hurdles—so he read them over and over again, passed them under a magnifying  
65 glass, searched for microprint with an electronic microscope, and tuned his sense of  
smell so that he was beat by the time he made it home. He'd barely manage to  
warm up his soup, eat some fruit, and fall into bed, satisfied with having done his  
duty. Only his darling mother worried, but she couldn't get him back on the right  
road. She'd say, though it wasn't always true: Lola called, she's at the bar with the  
70 girls, they miss you, they're waiting for you. Or else she'd leave a bottle of red  
wine on the table. But Juan wouldn't overdo it: any distraction could make him  
lose his edge and the perfect censor had to be alert, keen, attentive, and sharp to nab  
cheats. He had a truly patriotic task, both self-denying and uplifting.

His basket for censored letters became the best fed as well as the most cunning  
75 basket in the whole *Censorship Division*. He was about to congratulate himself for  
having finally discovered his true mission, when his letter to Mariana reached his  
hands. Naturally, he censored it without regret. And just as naturally, he couldn't  
stop them from executing him the following morning, another victim of his  
devotion to his work.

Luisa Valenzuela  
Contemporary South American writer  
Translated from the Spanish by David Unger



**VIII. Questions 62 to 70 in your Questions Booklet are based on this excerpt from the essay “The Pleasures of Love.”**

**from THE PLEASURES OF LOVE**

Let us understand one another at once: I have been asked to discuss the pleasures of love, not its epiphanies, its ecstasies, its disillusionments, its duties, its burdens or its martyrdom—and therefore the sexual aspect of it will get scant attention here. So if you have begun this piece in hope of fanning the flames of  
5 your lubricity, be warned in time.

Nor is it my intention to be psychological. I am heartily sick of most of the psychologizing about love that has been going on for the past six hundred years. Everybody wants to say something clever, or profound, about it, and almost everybody has done so. Only look under “Love” in any book of quotations to see  
10 how various the opinions are.

Alas, most of this comment is wide of the mark; love, like music and painting, resists analysis in words. It may be described, and some poets and novelists have described it movingly and well; but it does not yield to the theorist. Love is the personal experience of lovers. It must be felt directly.

My own opinion is that it is felt most completely in marriage, or some comparable attachment of long duration. Love takes time. What are called “love affairs” may afford a wide, and in retrospect, illuminating variety of emotions; not only fierce satisfactions and swooning delights, but the horrors of jealousy and the desperation of parting attend them; the hangover from one of these emotional toots  
15 may be long and dreadful.

But rarely have the pleasures of love an opportunity to manifest themselves in such riots of passion. Love affairs are for emotional sprinters; the pleasures of love are for the emotional marathoners.

Clearly, then, the pleasures of love are not for the very young. Romeo and Juliet are the accepted pattern of youthful passion. Our hearts go out to their furious abandonment; we are moved to pity by their early death. We do not, unless we are of a saturnine<sup>1</sup> disposition, give a thought to what might have happened if they had been spared for fifty or sixty years together.

Would Juliet have become a worldly nonentity, like her mother? Or would she, egged on by that intolerable old bawd, her nurse, have planted a thicket of horns on the brow of her Romeo?  
30

And he—well, so much would have depended on whether Mercutio had lived; quarrelsome, dashing and detrimental. Mercutio was a man destined to outlive his wit and spend his old age as the Club Bore. No, no; all that Verona crowd were  
35 much better off to die young and beautiful.

Passion, so splendid in the young, wants watching as the years wear on. Othello had it, and in middle life he married a young and beautiful girl. What happened? He believed the first scoundrel who hinted that she was unfaithful, and never once took the elementary step of asking her a direct question about the matter.

*Continued*

<sup>1</sup>saturnine—gloomy

40        Passion is a noble thing: I have no use for a man or woman who lacks it; but if we seek the pleasure of love, passion should be occasional, and common sense continual.

Let us get away from Shakespeare. He is the wrong guide in the exploration we have begun. If we talk of the pleasures of love, the best marriage he affords is that of  
45 Macbeth and his Lady. Theirs is not the prettiest, nor the highest-hearted, nor the wittiest match in Shakespeare, but unquestionably they knew the pleasures of love.

"My dearest partner of greatness," writes the Thane of Cawdor to his spouse. That is the clue to their relationship. That explains why Macbeth's noblest and most desolate speech follows the news that his Queen is dead.

50        The pleasures of love are for those who are hopelessly addicted to another living creature. The reasons for such addiction are so many I suspect they are never the same in any two cases.

It includes passion but does not survive by passion; it has its whiffs of the agreeable vertigo of young love, but it is stable more often than dizzy; it is a growing,  
55 changing thing, and it is tactful enough to give the addicted parties occasional rests from strong and exhausting feeling of any kind.

What do we seek in love? From my own observation among a group of friends and acquaintances that includes a high proportion of happy marriages, most people are seeking a completion of themselves. Each party to the match has several qualities  
60 the other cherishes; the marriage as a whole is decidedly more than the sum of its parts.

Nor are these cherished qualities simply the obvious ones; the reclusive man who marries the gregarious woman, the timid woman who marries the courageous man, the idealist who marries the realist—we can all see these unions: the marriages in  
65 which tenderness meets loyalty, where generosity sweetens moroseness, where a sense of beauty eases some aridity of the spirit, are not so easy for outsiders to recognize; the parties themselves may not be fully aware of such elements in a good match.

Often, in choosing a mate, people are unconsciously wise and apprehend what  
70 they need to make them greater than they are.

Of course the original disposition of the partners to the marriage points the direction it will take. When Robert Browning married Elizabeth Barrett, the odds were strongly on the side of optimism, in spite of superficial difficulties; when Macbeth and his Lady stepped to the altar, surely some second-sighted Highlander  
75 must have shuddered.

If the parties to a marriage have chosen one another unconsciously, knowing only that they will be happier united than apart, they had better set to work as soon as possible to discover why they have married, and to nourish the feeling which has drawn them together.

80        I am constantly astonished by the people, otherwise intelligent, who think that anything so complex and delicate as a marriage can be left to take care of itself. One sees them fussing about all sorts of lesser concerns, apparently unaware that side by side with them—often in the same bed—a human creature is perishing from lack of affection, of emotional malnutrition.

85        A great part of all the pleasure of love begins, continues and sometimes ends with conversation. A real, enduring love-affair, in marriage and out of it, is an extremely exclusive club of which the entire membership is two co-equal Perpetual Presidents.

*Continued*



I do not insist on a union of chatter-boxes, but as you can see I do not believe  
90 that still waters run deep: too often I have found that still waters are foul and have  
mud bottoms. People who love each other should talk to each other; they should  
confide their real thoughts, their honest emotions, their deepest wishes. How else  
are they to keep their union in repair?

How else, indeed, are they to discover that they are growing older and enjoying  
95 it, which is a very great discovery indeed? How else are they to discover that their  
union is stronger and richer, not simply because they have shared experience  
(couples who are professionally at odds, like a Prime Minister and a Leader of the  
Opposition also share experience, but they are not lovers) but because they are  
waxing in spirit?

100 Do I assert that the pleasures of love are no more than the pleasures of  
conversation? Not at all: I am saying that where the talk is good and copious, love  
is less likely to wither, or to get out of repair, or to be outgrown, than among the  
uncommunicative.

For, after all, even lovers live alone much more than we are ready to admit. To  
105 keep in constant, sensitive rapport with those we love most, we must open our hearts  
and our minds. Do this, and the rarest, most delicate pleasures of love will reveal  
themselves.

Finally, it promotes longevity. Nobody quits a club where the conversation is  
fascinating, revealing, amusing, various and unexpected until the last possible  
110 minute. Love may be snubbed to death: talked to death, never!

*Robertson Davies*  
Contemporary Canadian novelist and journalist

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